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OUR CALENDAR.

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SUNDAY, January 2.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. HARWOOD, M.A.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 11.30, Morning Conference; 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11, Rev. GORDON COOPER, B.A.; 7, Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.
 Brixton Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15, Rev. GEORGE CRITCHLEY; 6.30, Mr. G. J. ALLEN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11, Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND, B.A.; 7, Rev. R. K. DAVIS, B.A.
 Finchley (East), Squires-lane Council Schools, 6.30, Rev. G. CRITCHLEY, B.A.
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11, Rev. JOHN ELLIS; 6.30, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Ilford, High-road, 11, Mr. JOHN CARROLL; 7, Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND, B.A.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11, Rev. W. W. C. POPE; 7, Rev. E. D. TOWLE.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARK.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 and 7.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Rev. C. W. R. OFFEN.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, P.S.M., Rev. A. HURN; 6.30, Rev. JOHN ELLIS.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPES.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, Worple-road, 7, Mr. W. PIGGOTT.
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.
 ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Supply.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.

BRADFORD, Chapel Lane Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. HERBERT McLACHLAN, M.A., B.D.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CHATHAM, Unitarian Christian Church, Hammond-hill, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. MORGAN-WHITEMAN.
 CHELMSFORD, Unitarian Church, Legg-street, 6.30 Mr. E. R. FYSON.
 CHELTENHAM, Bayshill Unitarian Church, Royal Well Place, 11 and 7, Rev. J. FISHER JONES.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS, M.A.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER, B.A.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. J. HAMILTON VANCE, B.D.
 EVESHAM, Oak-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, B.A.
 GATESHEAD, Unity Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM WILSON.
 GORTON, Brookfield Church, 10.45, Rev. E. G. EVANS, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. GEORGE EVANS, B.A.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. FREDERICK HOWELL.
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 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. F. PARMITER.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. WALTER COCK.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
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 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. T. R. SKEMP.
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BIRTH.

MARTINEAU.—On December 26, at Streatham Grove, Norwood, S.E., the wife of Sydney Martineau, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

PILKINGTON—HOLT.—On December 11, at Cross-street Chapel, Manchester, by Rev. P. Holt, J. Edward Pilkington, son of E. Pilkington, Broom Lodge, Rainford, Lancashire, to Constance M. Holt, eldest daughter of T. Holt, Higher Broughton.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

SCOPES—GOWING.—On December 26, 1859, at the Unitarian Chapel, Friars Street, by the Rev. J. T. Cooper, Walter James, second son of William Scopes, to Agnes, youngest daughter of Richard Gowing, all of Ipswich.

DEATH.

JOLLY.—On December 23, at 2, Upper Terrace, Hampstead Heath, Fanny Chitty Jolly, younger daughter of the late Thomas Jolly, Esq., of Oldfield, Bath, in the 75th year of her age.

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* * *Will contributors and correspondents kindly note that from this date all letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon-place, Hampstead, N.W. They should be endorsed "Inquirer" on the outside. Communications for the Business Manager should be sent to 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C., as usual.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

GLADSTONE was born on December 29, 1809, and the celebration of the centenary of his birth has been the most significant public event of the past week. For many old men it has revived the great memories of their youth, while those in middle life recall how his name first kindled their political imagination, and made them zealous for public justice and liberty. In the personal loyalty he aroused among his followers, and the enthusiastic affection he inspired in the common people, he stands quite alone in living memory. His own life, and the world of his activity, were both on the heroic scale, and it is as a marvellous personality even more than as the originator of a great political tradition, that his name is honoured. For this reason men of all creeds and parties can unite in a national celebration, which has found its most picturesque symbol in the floral decoration of his statue in the Strand. Among the wreaths there is one from the Bulgarian people, "A tribute to our Liberator," another "To the great Philhellene," and yet another, "In Memory of W. E. Gladstone, the friend of small nations, from the citizens of Finland."

It was said of Gladstone that he had so lived and wrought that he kept the soul alive in England, and Mr. G. W. E. Russell, writing in the *Daily News*, records the following words by Bishop Westcott:—"I think that he will be remembered for

what he was, rather than for what he did." It was the deep religiousness of his character which gave him his strength, and was also the source of some suspicious dislike among people who were too little accustomed to the intrusion of the moral passion of the convinced Christian into public affairs. It is a remarkable fact that his religious influence told most deeply and persistently upon English Nonconformity, in spite of strong divergence upon questions of creed and ceremonial. But in reality the deepest thing in his religion was the life of the conscience, which linked him with the moral grandeur and simplicity of the Puritan tradition. "We who were his followers and disciples," says Mr. Russell, "know perfectly well our everlasting debt to him for benefits conferred, quite outside the region of statecraft and policy. If we should ever be tempted to despond about the possibilities of human nature and human life, we shall think of him and take courage."

THERE were, no doubt, in Gladstone's mind elements of subtlety and complexity which often led to misunderstandings with people of a different temperament and less flexible habits of thought. Mr. Bryce, speaking of these "diversities and contradictions," which might have wrecked the career of a smaller man, says:—"It was the persistent heat and vehemence of his character, the sustained passion which he threw into the pursuit of the object on which he was for the moment bent, that fused these dissimilar qualities and made them appear to contribute to and increase the total force which he exerted." But perhaps even more remarkable was "the openness, freshness, and eagerness of mind which he preserved down to the end of life." Men who think in fixed categories and settle down in early middle life into mental immobility are baffled by the changes of one who is ever a learner, even when they are the changes not of caprice but of some guiding principle. What this guiding principle was in Gladstone's case he has told us himself in one illuminating sentence:—"I was brought up to distrust and dislike liberty. I learned to believe in it. That is the key to all my changes."

LORD AVEBURY has addressed an important letter to the press dealing with Anglo-German relations:—"The Anglo-

German Friendship Committee," he writes "have read with much regret certain articles recently published in a section of the English press which must tend to encourage ill-feeling and suspicion between the two countries, and even to strengthen the hands of those—we believe a small minority—in Germany who believe that a war with England is inevitable and would be advantageous to Germany." "We have reason to know," he continues, "that German manufacturers, merchants, and bankers fully realise that while we are rivals we have both keen competitors in France, the United States, and elsewhere, and that war between us would be a terrible catastrophe from a commercial point of view. Moreover, if we are rivals we are also each of us one of the best customers to the other. The trade between England and Germany last year amounted to over £84,000,000, and if we include that which passed through Holland and Belgium was probably not much less than £100,000,000. To ruin or even to injure a good customer, to destroy so great a commerce, is an act of folly which we are confident the commercial community of neither country is likely to fall into. . . . A war between Germany and England would be disastrous to both, and those who endeavour to make mischief between the two countries incur in our judgment a terrible responsibility. For ourselves, however, we feel confident that the commonsense, the good feelings, and the immense interests we have in common will prevent so fearful a catastrophe."

THE sudden death of the Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell, of Rochdale, removes a strenuous fighter from the contentious field of educational politics. As secretary of the Northern Counties Education League, he did yeoman service for the militant Nonconformist position. His uncompromising vigilance was keen to detect sources of danger and faults of logic in the proposals of more moderate men. There was something stiff and stark in all his fighting which exhilarated his own side, while it strengthened the hostility of his opponents. We have often admired his courage and his singleness of aim without being won by his blunt alternatives, and his policy of all or nothing. He helped to impress upon the public mind the conditions of a problem for which the future has still to find a solution.

EDITORIAL ARTICLE.

THE YEARS OF YOUTH.

A WORD TO THE YOUNGER COMRADES FROM AN OLDER ONE.

It is as if I had a kind of tale to tell, or confession to make. And I wish to tell that tale, or make that confession, as in the presence of those who are at one of life's earlier stages, while I, who write, am at one of its later stages. I would like to tell them something which I often wish had been told me when I was young by someone who was getting old then. Several things that were told me have turned out not to be true; while other things that have turned out to be true were withheld from me, and not wisely withheld, I think.

For instance, I often heard it said that *Life is short*; I have lived to find out that it is long—very long, delightfully long. Of course such words as "short" and "long" are what we call "relative terms," so much depends on what we are talking about, on what comparisons we have in mind. But take, for example, a single day; you know that when full of interesting events or activities, although its moments may seem to fly, one single day will often appear quite a long span of time, as we look back over its goings-on. But think of *twenty-two thousand days*—which is about the number I can look back over. And to review these, in some quiet hour, is to be filled with amazement, that the thread of one single human life can have stretched through them all; yet so it is. And some people, of course, can look back over many more than that, and still not be dreadfully old! So then, the first part of my story, or confession, is that life is not short but exceedingly long. And I dare to counsel the younger comrades on the world's highway not to believe those who say it is short. You will be wise and happy, I think, to look forward to years that will reach over a great period of time, through which, most like you, you will live on this earth, and have great experiences, seeing and doing, enjoying and suffering, liking and disliking and achieving many things. Life is a very great gift because there is so much of it. Simply by reason of its quantity, its length, it becomes of immense significance, like the heritage of a large estate, or a great fortune.

Then also I was told, in those early years, that our life on this earth is, for the most part, not only short, but somewhat *vain and futile*. I heard it spoken of as a matter of very little importance, in and for itself. It was important only as a prelude or preparation for something else: it was mere probation, in fact, for an endless life hereafter in other spheres. In the days of my youth we were told that the way we lived here, or more often what we *believed* here, would determine that long future, would decide whether we should pass, at

death, into a place called "Heaven," or a place called "Hell," there to spend those endless years in joy or woe. Life here was said to have very little meaning, *except as a probation* which would decide our fate for all time to come. I hope the younger comrades do not hear such things now. I mention them because I want to say that I have found life here on this earth full of interest and significance, *in and for itself*. Whatever the future, the hereafter, may be, I have nothing to say about it now, simply because I have no experience of it; and my tale relates to that of which I *have* experienced. And this is the second part thereof: to tell that life is not only long but *interestingly* long. It is so interesting, so full of significance, of charm, of romance, of adventure, that I am not the least bit weary of it yet. It means so much; there is so much to see, to learn, to enjoy, to endure, to achieve, to admire, to love, to hope, that I do not see how another hundred years (supposing the body able to retain its strength) could exhaust the interest or destroy the *worthwhileness* of living. This earth, our Mother, is so wonderful in her daily goings-on; the skies around us are so full of mystery; our fellow creatures are so variable and suggestive, so funny sometimes, so troublesome at other times, so delightful and attractive at most times; we ourselves—our peculiarities, our tempers and moods and tastes and proclivities, are so manifold and quaint; and there is such a lot to do and to learn and to think about, that to say life is not of tremendous significance, *for its own sake*, is too absurd. Whatever it may lead to, in the great unknown beyond, I am sure it is exceedingly well worth while here and now, and as such I commend it to you in all sincerity. The fact is that life is *long* because it is so rich in vital and varied interest. It is not really the number of years, but the fulness or vividness of the moments that makes it long. Twenty years, or less, of intense and strenuous living is an immense period to look back over; there is, in truth, some element of the Eternal in every hour of keen interest or passionate activity or earnest thought. The hour goes swiftly enough, but in remembrance and result, how much it means!

Now I commend life to you and praise it thus for its worth, not because I have seen it through rose-coloured spectacles. I do not think I am under any delusion about it in that way. I have seen much of its dark side. I have looked on the miseries and misfortunes of men, often at very close range; and I have not had a specially good time myself. I could tell you a pretty long tale of struggle with poverty and error and doubt and even despair. I could tell you of the irrevocable loss of a father in my childhood and a mother in my early manhood; and of years of lonely conflict, in the effort to escape from a dark and dread-

ful religious creed, and to find the light of a real faith and reasonable hope by which to walk in this strange world. Life is not interesting to me because I have had an easy or a prosperous time in it, because I have won its coveted prizes or known the gifts of fortune or favour or fame. These things have not fallen to me, and I do not wish they had. They have for the most part eluded me, and I do not regret it. You may take it for truth, then, that I praise life and commend it to you, not because I have seen only its brighter side, or received its special favours, and so have found it exceptionally pleasant. I praise it and commend it for its own sake—for its interest, its significance, its possibilities, for its length and its depth, for its quantity and quality of vital experience. And I do so because I wish some one had thus commended it to me in the days of my youth, instead of telling me it was short and empty and vain, and had no value except as a probation for something else. You have a great deal of living to get through—probably a vast number of days to spend on this earth—and all that living is tremendously worth while—*whatever happens*. Whether fortune smile or frown; whether worldly success or failure fall to you; whether wealth or poverty, fame or obscurity, much pleasure or much pain, be your lot—your life will have its daily value, its hourly significance, if only you take it so and live up to its finest possibilities.

I should like to tell you what it is that gives to life its intrinsic and inestimable worth. I should like—only it would take too long—to tell you what (from this vantage ground of the later stage) I see now would have made my own life so much *more* worth while, had I known it at the earlier stage. I can only hint of it in two or three words.

My younger comrades will know already that there are two kinds or qualities of good which have value for life, for human life, as we know it here. There are things which are valuable for what they can *procure*; and there are things which are valuable for what they *are*. The first are such things as money, position, popularity, and the power to command the service of others. The second are such things as knowledge, beauty, virtue, reason, love, and the power to render service to others. Neither of these two sorts of good are to be despised; but it is obviously the latter which are of highest value; and it is because we all have the capacity for these that life is so great a boon, so vast and glorious a heritage. The other things—money, position and the like—are all right in their way, if they fall to us or if we win them honourably, and use them for worthy ends, and do not hug them or covet them, as precious in themselves. But they are limited and uncertain, and only a few can have much of them as human affairs are ordered now; and those few are not to be envied. But the other things

are within our reach, and if we put them first in our regard and fix our ambition on them, the real wealth of life is securely ours. We all have the capacity for truth, for virtue for service, for beauty, for romance, for, adventure, for experience, and these are the "eternal values"; and these, as we possess them, give to life, not only its length and depth of significance, but also its breadth and height of real and abiding joy.

And there my story ends. And it turns out that the message of the elder pilgrim on life's highway is just the old message which has been uttered by a few in every age; only it may have this homely touch of fresh and vital meaning in it that sixty years of experience have proved it true to him who tells it now; and he repeats it to his younger comrades, in goodwill to them, and in gratitude to the unseen power which brought us hither and will conduct us hence when the long day's work is done. And he tells it in hope too—in hope that you may not miss what he so largely missed in the early stages. For if we want to make the finest thing of life, we have to be *enthusiastic* about it. And that old tale about life being short and without significance for its own sake, took the enthusiasm out of me for many years: it turned the ardour and the fire of youth to ashes; it chilled the hopes and checked the joy of life's fresh springtime; and I went about wondering what it all meant and half complaining that I had ever been born. Not till more than half the sixty years were gone did I see what I have here tried to tell; and only then, so late, did the glow of enthusiasm come upon the heart, and make it seem a splendid thing to be alive upon the earth with one's fellow-men under the stars. It was a great loss—those thirty years of gloomy faith and sunless vision. And so I pray you now, in the days of youth, to let the fire of holy and passionate ardour for all things noble and excellent burn steadily within you. And it *will* if you realise that life is charged with high and sacred meanings—that it is likely to be very long, that it is certain to be full of fine significance and large intent. Its great call, its superb challenges come to you now, and every day. In answer to that call, to accept that challenge, with prowess of heart, is to know the highest ideal of duty and the serene joy of faith in God, in your fellow-man, and in yourself.

W. J. JUPP.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

VATICANISM, FREETHOUGHT, AND DEMOCRACY.

FOR the Pagan rituals of older times, Rome has substituted the sacrifice of the Mass. This sacrifice seems to constitute the essential religion of the modern capital of Italy. It is on a higher plane of religious conception than the long, old rites of heathen sacrifice, and, regarded as a symbol, shadows forth a divine and mysterious truth.

God sent forth His son to die. The body

and blood of that suffering son, by constant divine interposition at the instigation of a few magical human words, are, in the Mass, veritably present in what a moment gone were the homely elements of bread and wine; as veritably and corporeally present as when he walked the familiar earth, partook of the national Passover Supper, and endured the agony of seeming failure on Calvary.

It is natural and inevitable that the supreme importance laid upon sacraments, and especially this sacrament of the Mass, should tend to minimise emphasis on all other human interests, as well as to diminish the value of all other possibilities of divine personal relations. The facts are obvious. This clerical, doctrinal, sacramental preoccupation tends to the neglect of *large interests* with which Italy as a whole is almost feverishly concerned.

It was not without a thrill that my eyes rested on a placard upon the walls of the city. It was headed "xxth September"; that great day when, in 1870, Victor Emmanuel entered Rome, and completed the emancipation of Italy. An appeal was made that citizens should come to the Protestant Methodist Church to hear speeches commemorative of the delivery of Rome from papal domination. Thus would be fittingly celebrated the great day of freedom from "superstition and clericalism," as well as from other ills which my memory now fails to reproduce.

This in Rome; august and Catholic Rome, under the dome, so to speak, of St. Peter's, within sight of the palace of the Vatican. However, this might be mere vulgar Protestantism, such as the Protestantism, let us say, of Liverpool. The Roman citizen might be as little touched by such an appeal as the sober, respectable, religious man by the friction of obstreperous factionists. That placard might have been the puny cry of an unregarded minority; a voice practically unheard amid the possessive certainties of the majority.

But one morning another appeal was evidenced upon the walls. No stranger, gifted with any degree of the historic sense, can pass by a proclamation appearing under the letters which have been the recognised symbol of great Rome from the days of the Republic: S.P.Q.R. (Senatus populusque Romanus). And here, moreover, was a vivid touch of modernity. The Syndic, a Jew, a Freemason, makes his comment upon a deed lately done in another Latin country. For at this time events were happening in Spain. Francisco Ferrer was accused of being a traitor, of inciting to arms, if not of taking up arms himself. The citizens of Rome sympathised with this man in a peculiar degree. They applauded his progressive views, his regenerative schemes of popular education, his establishment of modern schools in Spain. They had appealed strongly for justice and clemency. Angry shouts had arisen from the crowds that had gathered to make their protest at Ferrer's judicial treatment, when a dirigible balloon that set all Rome agog sailed silently over the meeting-ground. This was an instrument of war, this was to help the dogs of war, this was to break up their great concourse for which many men had laid down their tools, and lost

half a day's pay. Not until the interrupted orator boldly claimed this balloon as itself the harbinger of the coming times of prostrate international barriers and universal goodwill did the excited workmen regain something of their wonted demeanour. And now "Ferrer is shot!" "Cittadini, Ferrer is dead!" The whole city rang with the exclamation.

This proclamation by the Mayor, in the grandiose Latin style, exhorts the citizens to show in a dignified manner, calm, without violence and without weakness, their sense of shame at this deed, their indignation at such reactionary forces. Returning from the Vatican in one of the cheap little victorias of which the increasing smartness of vehicle, horse and driver is itself somewhat significant, I noticed that our driver exchanged a word or passed a sign with every fellow-driver he met. Asked the meaning of his action, he replied there was to be a general "strike" on account of the death of Ferrer. Sure enough, on the afternoon of that day, not a single vehicle which plied for hire could be obtained in the whole city. The tram-cars ceased to run. The day was an accentuated Scotch Sabbath; for the trades unions had made their appeal for a strike against Jesuits and Clericalism. "In the interests of humanity," not only were craftsmen and labourers incited to strike, but at the meeting of the Labour Congress it was suggested that theatres, cinematographs (everywhere in Italy just now), and public-houses should close. But the quiet orderliness of the people was remarkable, especially so with such people as the vivacious and excitable Italians. It was a still, blue evening of a sweet and balmy serenity, which on any other occasion would have filled all the pavement chairs outside the cafés. This evening shutters were up, restaurant doors were only half open, and the citizens of Rome took their meals in sombre fashion.

The next day business was at a standstill. Nearly every shop in the Borgo working quarter bore a printed slip, "Chiuso per lutto mondiale" (closed for world-grief). Before the great bronze doors at the entrance of the Vatican from Bernini's splendid colonnade, groups of disappointed visitors lingered, whilst at the top of the steps stood the usual janitor, one of the Swiss guard, in his scarlet and yellow uniform. "Yes," he said, "the Vatican is closed to-day. No one may enter." Asked why, "The Vatican gives no reason," was the superb and characteristic answer. Would the Vatican be open to-morrow, the Sistine Chapel, for example? That it was impossible to say. No man knew. A melancholy and discontented guide leaning against one of the great columns further enlightened me by saying that no one could say in Rome one day what would happen the next. The Vatican might be open or it might not. This demonstration was anti-clerical. As for him—I had remarked that being myself a Radical I ought cheerfully to suffer for my principles—as for him, he personally was neither Radical, Socialist, nor Atheist. It was not good for trade. The true inwardness of the position was displayed in the afternoon by a gentleman whom I asked if the Jesuit Church opposite were open. He smiled wonderingly, as

though to say, "Who are you who do not know that the Jesuit Church of all churches would be closed to-day?"

The same signs were clear everywhere. At little Nemi, among the Alban hills, there was an assemblage who had left their grape-harvesting, their wine-pressing and their shops, to listen to an orator from Rome. At quiet Orvieto were official notices. "Who so dear to us as he who refuses life for himself?" ran one of them. "While the members of the dead body are lost to sight under the mound of cold earth, let us repeat our vow, confirm our principle, which stands for human solidarity, for pious justice, for liberty."

Thus we may picture sadly these two great opposing contrasts in Italy—the fervent democratic political faith on the one hand and the faith in sacramental and external religious acts and demands on the other. To understand this new Italy, ingenious, high-spirited heir of the good and evil of that Renaissance which older Italy initiated, keen brained as from the very beginning of its history, yet primitive in certain particulars, and still instinctive with elemental passions, is it necessary to ask and answer the question, How comes this sharp divorce between Democracy and Religion as represented by the Catholic Church? If the fact of the chasm is doubted, the pastoral letter of Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, published whilst the present writer was in Milan, on the occasion of the anniversary of San Carlo Borromeo, is overwhelming testimony. "The times of San Carlo were sad. But ours, are they not worse? We see spent to-day the torch of faith; we behold apostasy from the society of Jesus Christ..."

And how can there fail to be such divorce? Italy's long struggle for freedom is not over, even though a king is at the Quirinal, for over against the Quirinal is the Vatican. Free thought is anathema. Democratic aspirations are suspect and repressed. The Vatican, with the voluntary prisoner within it, is a standing protest against the new ideals of the age; and the consequence is obvious. These ideals are in many minds not only apart from religion, but are opposed to it; for religion is to most Italians simply Vaticanism. The disaster is every man's.

It is the same story on the social side. Pius X. ("Fundamental Organisation of Popular Christian Action, 1903") believes in the eternity of "the order laid down by God... of learned and ignorant, rich and poor, noble and plebeian." This in the ear of the Italian democrat, with his acute logical faculties, and his new demands, when "Risorgimento!" Resurrection, Revival, Rise, Life, is his cry!

Action and reaction are equal and contrary. The Socialist tends to become anarchist. The man of freethought is naturally atheist. The Freemason, who, in England, has benevolent purposes, and whose wildest excess lies in the direction of good dinners, is accounted by the Vatican dangerous and revolutionary. Religion is another name for superstition. Italy is throbbing with quickened life; the Church alone, or, let us say, Vaticanism alone, seems blind to the future.

H. D. R.

THE BELL'S PROPHECY.

AMONG other seasonable tokens I have received a picture of Lü and of the belfry there, in which the British bell is enjoying its first great festal time. Ring, happy bell, across the snow! Those two mighty voices that blend at the meeting of the years—the voice of the Past, wail of a bewildered, dust-laden wind; the voice of the Future, like a new symphony in a style we cannot master, like a song that sounds wooingly, hearteningly, with sudden calls to accoutre, and sad prorogues—meet nowhere with such deep promise of mutual interpretation as in the bell's utterance. Would I were there, where the huge inverted bell of the Münstertal takes up, ponders in thunder, and hurls heavenward what Lü publisheth when Luzzi Stupaun pulls a rope.

"Ring in the Christ that is to be." It is a haunting phrase, with the charm of prophecy accepted. But what does it mean? Faith is already on the peak, with a flash of rainbow wings; but we must toil up afoot, through the ice, roped together.

For judgment came he into this world; not to lay down the law, nor to weigh out pains and penalties, but to do the work of an Eastern cad; to sift, winnow, search out truth, pour light in dark places, that they which think they see may awake to their blindness, and the eyes of the blind may be opened. He came to promote "love of God," the faith sensitive, the will pure, the conscience robust and sane, and "love of man," in sympathy that melts the ice-walls, in mutual ministry, in glorious comradeship.

How did he do his work? He lived and urged all this, but not in an unearthly, abstract sort of way. He was a real man, with a real flavour to his character; and I find two things that he specially bears as a difference. The first is his championship of the weak. He set a little child in the midst of them. He recognised in a woman a fellow-being. Poor folk, pariahs, prostitutes, criminals, were his friends and table companions. He put on no airs with them. He was not their patron, but their mate. The more reviled any class might be, the more it damned a man to be mixed up with such, the more certainly you might find him consorting with it. The second of his marks is his insistence that rules are secondary things, and, when looked on as primary, are evil things. He broke all manner of rules himself, and incited others to break them; what a ribald scoffer he would seem to our respectable church-goers if he did likewise nowadays! No religion, to his mind, was any good unless it was alive, and if it was alive how could you prescribe to it in what shapes it should burgeon and fruit?

This special work of Christ is more needed, after two thousand years, than ever. Never was such a rule-ridden society. Never was such enormous wealth, never was wealth armed with such subtle tools of oppression, never had power of any sort so heavy a stroke, so vast a range as to-day. Look at the freest of all the free churches in this land of freedom. Who rules them? By what code? A Christ-Hercules is wanted to do Augean work in the Temple.

This is the work; who is to do it? The

spirit of Christ is still toiling in his labour of judgment, opening blind eyes to see, first of all their own hitherto blindness. An enormous work of preparation has been done, and is still a-doing, though the beginning of the outer task is not yet seen.

But he must not work alone, and in no age has he lacked fellow-Christis, men and women, who chose crucifixion rather than treason (real crucifixion means nakedness, and horrible pain and the sound of coarse jeering from those you die for, and polished contempt from the respectable that are smothering God). There will be new Christis from age to age, with their own flavour to their own character, flinging rules into the bonfire, and living in faith and love.

Yet it is not enough. This new age is crying out with a new agony of need. The beautiful, lonely, individual Christis avail not. That heaped-up spiritual wealth of their lonely lives and martyrdoms, what is it worth to the crowd? It is hoarded for privileged souls. There is a "corner" in salvation. But what says the prophetic bell? "The glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together." Mobs, classes, societies, races, must be evangelised. We war not against flesh and blood, but against great invisible evils, abstractions, systems; we war against Legion, and only with commensurate power can we hope for victory.

Therefore I look for the new incarnations of God in multitudes rather than in single men. The Christ that is to be will be a party, a movement, a nation. Christ will vote in the lobbies, will preach his gospel in Acts of Parliament, in resolutions of giant assemblies, in far-reaching work of associations. And methinks I see already upon the mountains the beautiful feet of One that shall come, the most gracious of all the Christis to be—anointed Womanhood. All these long ages she has dwelt in Nazareth. When she began to preach, we sought to lay hands on her, and said, "She is beside herself." But now? It is the most vivid hope, the tenderest birth of our time, this promise of a new revelation of God through no less a mediatrix than half mankind. With her own unguessed courage, supreme in temper, with her own soft, invincible patience, with her own sure spiritual logic, her disdain of the unessential, her fresh vision, her splendid quickness, her mingling of love with all business and all thought, she is coming to self-knowledge—Womanhood, a world-wide commonwealth, endowed with the powers, waited on by the opportunity of a Christ.

Our Blessed Lady, come quickly! Cleanse us, World's Desire, of our terrible filth, falseness, cruelty. Teach us thy better way, for Jesus' sake. E. W. L.

HOW THE CASUAL LABOURER LIVES.*

UNDER the above heading, the report of the Liverpool Joint Research Committee on the domestic condition and expenditure of the families of certain labourers, which was read before and published by the Liverpool Economic and Statistical Society, has recently been issued. The

* Liverpool: Northern Publishing Co., Ltd. Paper, 1s. 9d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

report, written by Miss Eleanor Rathbone, from materials collected and prepared by a joint committee representing societies or agencies engaged in social work in Liverpool, sets forth figures showing the actual earnings of individual dock labourers, and aims at supplying for Liverpool a companion picture to Mr. B. S. Rowntree's study of the diet of labourer families in York. The results of the inquiry, it was believed, would throw light on practical problems such as the high infantile death-rate in Liverpool, the underfeeding of school children, &c. In all 40 budgets are presented, chiefly from the households of dock labourers, and belonging, it is claimed, to a poorer class of household than any for which previous investigators have been able to obtain budgets. Those who know anything of the dwelling-places of the poorest classes in our large towns will marvel at the persistence needed to keep these records from week to week by hands unaccustomed to even this rudimentary book-keeping. Obviously only the aristocracy of these poorest classes would be equal to the task. Pathetic indeed it is to notice the disastrous fluctuations produced in the household conditions by the ups and downs of a precarious wage as recorded in these pages. How much more distressing must be the condition of those who have not intelligence or concentration enough to make even a rough estimate of their income (!) and expenditure. The problem, moreover, is complicated by the fact that qualities desirable and indispensable in other occupations are less useful among casual labourers. "Character and intelligence, however essential to domestic happiness, do not seem to have the industrial value at the docks that they have in more regular occupations. If weighed in the balance against robust health, strong muscles, and a certain good luck or skill in winning foremen's favour, the scale would probably turn against them."

The results of the inquiry may be concisely summarised as follows: The total average income of the 40 families for whom budgets are supplied was 21s. 10½d. per week, expenditure 22s. 5½d. per week. The average rent paid was 4s. 9½d. The general average of food expenditure for all 40 families was 3s. 0½d. per man per week. Of 27 budgets kept for four weeks and upwards the average was in 18 cases below and in nine above Rowntree's estimate of 3s. 3d. per man per week, as the minimum necessary to maintain the family in full health and efficiency. One budget quoted (19) is an example of the incredible kindness of the poor to each other. An income of 19s. 4d. per week for eight persons was further taxed by the presence of a poor old woman, no relation, who, living near, and having no one to look after her, was "free to come for all her meals!"

It is only by the compilation of such careful statistics as these that the real facts of the lives of the poorest classes can ever be brought home to the hearts and consciences of the general public. Many even of those who have undertaken the task of regular district visiting have never realised, until they undertook some such definite investigation as Miss Rathbone and her colleagues have done, the awful difficulties which beset the life of the casual labourer, and still more of his

wife. Some words at the conclusion of the report are so apposite and discriminating that we venture to quote them.

"If any employers of casual labour in Liverpool read this report, they can hardly feel quite satisfied with the conditions of life among those by the help of whose labours their fortunes are being built up. Some of the studies describe homes in which an unduly self-respecting homelife is being carried on, and a very moderate standard of comfort maintained in spite of difficulties. . . But the majority are depressing records of poverty and failure, of the decadence of families who have seen better days, of the hopeless struggle of the women with problems in housewifery far too hard for them, and for which they have received no adequate training. of the squalid and unabashed poverty of those who have given up or have never made the effort. . . Everything about the system of employment seems to foster the formation of bad habits and nothing to encourage the formation of good ones. The alternations of hard work and idleness disincite the men to steady exertion. The uncertainty of earnings encourages concealment from the wife and by accustoming the family to existence at the standard of bad weeks, sets the surplus of good ones free for self-indulgence. The fluctuations of income make the problem of house-keeping impossibly difficult for most of the women, and the consequent discomfort and privations of the home drive the man to the public-house, wear out the health, the spirit, and the self-respect of the woman, and injure the health and happiness of the children. . . Considering, indeed, the sources from which the labourers have come, some of the failures and off-scourings of other trades and some of the offspring of fathers and mothers working under the same conditions, and living amid the same privations as themselves, one is sometimes rather inclined to wonder that the results are not worse, and that so much virtue is still left, to smell sweet and blossom in the dust and wreckage of the casual labourer's life."

THE CHURCH, THE STATE, AND THE SCHOOL.

THE separation of Church and State has proved inevitable in France. Sixty years ago Edgar Quinet outlined, in his "*L'Enseignement du Peuple*," the inexorable logic which events would sooner or later have to follow in that country. Does a penetrating reading of the history of our own country reveal a similar necessity for our national life? I think not.

In France political revolution preceded religious revolution. In England we may still hope that religious evolution and political evolution will continue to have some measure of correspondence; indeed, some of us even persist in the larger hope that a national religion may yet inspire the national evolution, holding, as we do, that no reform in the State can be securely relied on which finds not its sanction and even its inspiration, in a reformed religion.

"Le véritable idéal serait d'unir d'une manière indissoluble la religion nationale et la science laïque dans le même système d'éducation."—Edgar Quinet in "*L'Enseignement du Peuple*."

France, having so far proved incapable of reforming its national religion, had before it the only logical alternative, which it has at length adopted, of an absolute severance of Church and State. But the nation is cleft in twain.

In our own country, however, the national religion and national politics are far from being irreconcilable; we have, as Quinet puts it, "a government of free discussion on the basis of a religion of free inquiry." The principle of political life accords with the principle of religious liberty. The reverse is the case in Catholic States, and Modernism smacks as yet too much of the study to encourage in us any immediate hope of the effecting of an ultimate national unity on its lines in these States. Here redemption would seem peculiarly to lie in the heart of a lay society which will trust more and more the intuitions of its own soul. The immediate temporary prospects, however, of some of these States supply cause for grave apprehension. And is there not for a nation, if its destinies be wisely shaped, a more excellent way than the unfilial and internecine warfare of Church and State?

There is a further considerable advantage when a just correspondence between religious and social reform is maintained, that, then, social reform bespeaks the attainment of a state from which there is not likely to be reversion, whereas, when the other contingency is to hand, reversion to former stages takes place frequently, as notably in the case of France, which has been tossed hither and thither from a Monarchy to a Republic and from a Republic to a Monarchy and from a Monarchy to a Republic again. The only permanent social reform is sustained by the fact of its being the realisation of a religious idea; it was secured not in a struggle for Right, but in a struggle for Principle, not in a mere venture to solve an economic problem, but in the heroic effort to solve a moral one.

The object of a National Church ought to be the promotion of the unity of the nation, the knitting together into one nation of citizens of all beliefs, opinions and sects. Such a Church would reveal the vital and unifying principle of the nation, the full recognition and realisation of which alone make possible a consistent and comprehensive national development. A similar function falls to the common school of the nation, and is, indeed, now being widely exercised by it. Possibly the common school may yet teach the Church the great lesson it needs to learn; possibly it may yet be reserved to it to bridge the gulf between Church and State. One might even now hazard the statement that the common school is the nearest approach to the Church Universal, which has yet been reached; what higher symbolised expression have we of the brotherhood of man? How may a Catholic Church reveal effectively the brotherhood of Catholic and Protestant, or a Jewish Synagogue the effective brotherhood of Jew and Christian? And *vice versa*? Only the benches of the common school are in divinest commonalty spread. "Scribes and doctors of the law, make room for the child within the sanctuary! He shall teach you what you may otherwise never learn—the lesson

of Reconciliation. Swaddle him not in hatreds and prejudices, in the sects of the Pharisees and the Sadducees!"

Let me quote here stronger words than mine. "How much better it would be," writes Quinet, "if we began by introducing the child to social life amid all that speaks of unity between men. . . . He would only come to know the differences that divide them after having been familiarised with the resemblances they have in common. I would have him grow up amid the divine thoughts which sustain the human race; only later would he learn of the diversity of faiths and the bitter secret of the divorce of souls. . . . What education will you give this Emanuel who is to build again a world that is going to ruin? I would have the gold of the wisdom of all the peoples laid at his feet, and what has been accepted and applauded by the conscience of the entire human race should be presented to him upon his arrival in the world as his moral heritage. What great thought (simple as all that is great) would be too lofty for this saviour; for a saviour, a mediator, we must raise in each man, or the world will perish."

Is it too much to hope that what the common school appears more and more to be realising, a common Church may yet in fuller measure achieve? And in proportion as we see the dawning of this new day upon the horizon of the future shall we cease to talk of the separation of Church and State. We shall look for their indissoluble unity. There will be that Church of which Mr. R. J. Campbell dreams and eloquently speaks in a recent article:—

"I can see the Parliament of Man, the federation of the world, caring not only for material prosperity but for the eternal destiny of all its members. I can hear statesmen, judges, preachers, and teachers taking for granted the divinity, eternity, and essential oneness of all the human beings who live and die on earth, to pass on to greater things in worlds unseen. I can see them as sure of this as now they are sure of the practical advantages of open markets and tariff walls. Yes, this will come, and when it comes we shall have the City of God on earth as it is in heaven, and 'sorrow and sighing shall flee away.'"

HARROLD JOHNSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Under this heading writers discuss freely from their own point of view living problems of Religion, Ethics, and Social Reform, but the Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed.]

UNITARIAN HOME MISSIONARY COLLEGE.

SIR,—I am issuing cards to remind those friends who kindly contribute annually to the funds of the College that the time for the renewal of their subscriptions has arrived.

May I through your columns also remind those friends in and around London who do not yet subscribe, that this College is not only continuing, but is endeavouring to extend, its very valuable work.

For this purpose those who are labouring so earnestly for the students entrusted to

their care are sadly in need of increased funds.

Having only recently been appointed London treasurer, it will be very gratifying to me to signalise my appointment by adding subscribers to the annual list.

The example of Mr. Samuel Charlesworth (who recently gave the very generous donation of £300 to the general funds) will, I hope, stimulate others to afford support to a college which has done so much for us by giving London some of its most distinguished ministers.—Yours, &c.,

A. SAVAGE COOPER,

Hon. (London) Treas.

27, Chancery-lane, W.C.,

Dec. 31, 1909.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.*

THE long-expected work of Mr. Montefiore on the First Three Gospels has at last appeared in two ample volumes, extending to more than 1,200 pages. The first volume contains an introduction to the study of the life of Jesus, with the translation of Mark and its commentary; the second deals with Matthew and Luke. The translation is based upon the Authorised Version, and is first printed for each Gospel continuously in paragraphs without verse-divisions, so that Jewish readers may grasp the narrative as a whole. It is then repeated in short sections with the ordinary numeration, for use in the commentary. As a mere matter of arrangement, it is to be perhaps regretted that there is no distinction between prose and verse. The Lucan hymns, for example, do not stand out in clear poetic form; and much of the teachings of Jesus, cast in the rhythmic moulds of Hebrew wisdom, might be better appreciated if their brief and pregnant utterances appealed to the eye as well as to the mind. Modern metrical arrangements of the Sermon on the Mount may seem over-elaborate; but in their fundamental idea there is undoubted truth.

The book is written by a Jew for Jews; and it starts, consequently, from the presuppositions of a Jew. The author, naturally, therefore, selects for comment what he thinks will be of most interest for his own people, or what it is most important for them that they should realise and understand. Mr. Montefiore modestly disclaims learning; but his reading has been wide and thorough. British, French, German, Dutch, and American scholarship is everywhere reflected in this book, and the student who has not access to the original works of Wellhausen and Loisy, of Bernard and Johannes Weiss (father and son), of Holtzmann and Harnack, and many another, will find their views collated and displayed in these pages (often in admirable translations of their own words) with a fulness which sometimes a little obscures the singular directness and point of Mr. Montefiore's own judgments.

No technical Jewish equipment is here paraded. Historical and archæological explanations are thrown into the background. It is not necessary to determine

* The Synoptic Gospels. Edited, with an Introduction and a Commentary, by C. G. Montefiore. Macmillan & Co., London, 1909.

the site of Capernaum in order to understand the teachings of Jesus. Illustration from the Rabbinical side is deferred to a third volume, which will contain notes and discussions from the competent hand of Mr. Abrahams, the reader in Talmudic literature at Cambridge. But Mr. Montefiore is, of course, familiar with the lore of his own people, and he possesses the instinct of a man trained to appreciate the best wherever he finds it. Not for nothing has he read Plato and Goethe along with the Old Testament and the Rabbis. He has the artistic perception of genius, and he recognises it to the full in the gospels. "Whence this wonderful attractiveness," he asks (i. 181), "of so much of the Gospel narrative, this marvellous combination of power and simplicity? Whence this impression of *first-classness*, of inspiration? Surely because the Gospels are the early result of the impression produced by a great and inspired personality." That kind of impression he misses in much of the later Rabbinic literature. It seems to him to deal "perhaps somewhat too often in rather small coin." He pleads, on the other hand, that the Gospels concentrate in small compass a moral and religious force which has had enormous influence ever since.

There is a certain spirit and glow about the teaching of Jesus which you either appreciate or fail to appreciate. You cannot recognise or do justice to it by saying, "The teaching of Jesus comprises the following maxims and injunctions. Of these some are borrowed from the Old Testament, some are paralleled by the Talmud, and a few are impracticable." The teaching of Jesus, which has had such gigantic effects upon the world, is more and other than a dissected list of injunctions. It is not merely the sum of its parts; it is a whole, a spirit. That spirit has the characteristics of genius. It is great, stimulating, heroic. One may not always agree with it, it may not always be "practical," but it is always, or nearly always, big and grand (i. p. cv.).

The book is thus, primarily, a plea to Jews to master the records of the life and teaching of a Jew. The author wishes to write about Jesus as an impartial but sympathetic, critical but appreciative, Christian believer might write about Mohammed or Buddha. He has lived so much with Christians that he has been able to rise above the horrible cruelty which his people have suffered—and are still suffering—at professedly Christian hands; and, while he remains a Jew, he sees clearly that the European Bible is not going to be shorn of its New Testament in the Messianic age. Whatever may become of the theologies founded upon it, the New Testament is part of the world's literature. But it is also in the main Jewish literature, and nowhere does Mr. Montefiore show more courage than in his appeal to his own coreligionists to study it as among the most valuable of their own products and possessions.

To that study these volumes make a contribution which goes far beyond their special aim. The writer has, of course, his own prepossessions. It is no use, he somewhere says, to expect fair treatment of Catholics from Protestants or Jews from Christians, adding with most engaging frankness, "I am quite aware that this hits me," but for that apology there is really no need. No one can read the long discussion of such a crucial passage as Matt. xi. 25-30 in vol. ii.

without feeling how carefully the author seeks to understand religious conceptions which he does not share. His general position on both critical and historical questions comes nearest, perhaps, to that of Loisy, with whose results Prof. Bacon (of Yale) has recently found himself so much in agreement. On literary grounds he holds the view to which Prof. B. Weiss has recently converted Harnack, that Mark made some use of the collection of sayings contained in the document employed—though probably in different forms—by Matthew and Luke; and while he does not deny the likelihood that Petrine recollections lie behind much of the Marcan narrative, he recognises also that the earliest of the three gospels is already more than a simple amalgam of early traditions; it is an apologetic work designed to prove that Jesus was the Messiah whose person and death are interpreted more or less clearly under the influence of Paul. The question of sources inevitably bulks somewhat largely in all present discussions. Ten years hence it will probably be less prominent, for its relative importance—or unimportance—will be better understood. When the elder Weiss labours to prove that all the material in Luke not drawn from Mark or from that “Logia” document now renamed as Q, comes from a single narrative, which started with the birth-stories and ended with the resurrection, we ask what is really gained? Are the narratives made one whit truer or more authentic? Must they not all be tested independently? Can we believe that so varied an assortment really all belonged to one writer? And if so, what were *his* sources? The questions are endless, and their interminable repetitions yield but small result.

Much more important are the correctives which Mr. Montefiore supplies to common errors and prejudices (as he views them) concerning the Law and the Messiahship. The German theologian who is still in the toils of Pauline anti-legalism, and cannot understand that the observance of the Torah was a privilege and not a bondage, a comfort and a joy instead of a worry and a burden, is more than once castigated. But with a true historical instinct the author distinguishes the Rabbinism of 30 from that of 300 A.D. If he thinks that Jesus, like Jeremiah, was carried away by the vehemence of anger and disappointment, and was unjust to his Pharisaic enemies whom he did not love (in the sense of the Sermon of the Mount), he recognises that there were shadows as well as lights in contemporary Judaism. There were many degrees of devotion and faithfulness, of laxity and neglect, and the moral life of Israel was far less homogeneous than it afterwards became under the pressure of the persecutions in which the Church took such terrible vengeance for the first offences of the Synagogue. There was a class of sinners, to whom Jesus specially addressed himself with a new note which Mr. Montefiore does not find in the heroes either of the Old Testament or of the Talmud. Readers of his admirable essay on the Rabbinic teaching about repentance will have enough evidence that the Rabbis said glorious things about it; doubtless they, too, were eager to relieve distress and mitigate suffering; but to search for the sinner before he repented and to infuse

into him courage and hope for the new life, this was something fresh and unexpected. Again and again is the lesson enforced: “to deny the greatness and originality of Jesus in this connection, to deny that he opened a new chapter in men’s attitude towards sin and sinners, is, I think, to beat the head against a wall.”

In his interpretation of the fundamental theme of Jesus’ preaching, “the Kingdom of God hath drawn nigh,” our author ranges himself, upon the whole, with the modern school of Eschatologists. He has no doubt that Jesus accepted the title of Messiah, and entered Jerusalem in that character. Very careful and interesting is the whole discussion. The complicated phenomena of the Gospels are fully recognised. Wide and long study of modern inquiries enables the writer to indicate with admirable clearness the conflicting solutions at which students have arrived from different points of view. Moreover he is not embarrassed by the supposed necessity of making his hero always consistent with himself. He is quite willing to believe that Jesus, like other lofty minds, may have held ideas or cherished purposes which another age might find it difficult to harmonise. When he asks to what type of Messiah Jesus might possibly have assimilated himself, he can contemplate the picture of his sovereignty over a righteous people without dismay. The “ordinary Jewish conception of the Messiah” created by Christian theologians is no doubt intended to be something extremely disagreeable. But from the inside it does not appear as that of an intensely national king under whose warlike rule the Jews avenge themselves upon their enemies, kill the majority, and enslave the rest; the new era would be one of peace and goodness and the knowledge of God. “So far as it was this,” it is pertinently asked, “why should not Jesus have wished to be the Jewish Messiah?” But Mr. Montefiore recognises that Jesus did not concern himself with politics or with the national life. And in view of the limitations of contemporary Judaism he makes the striking remark: “Paul consciously freed himself and his religion from national contradictions and confusion by means of a theory. Jesus freed himself of them unconsciously by his pure religious genius. They dropped away from him, neglected and unnoticed.”

Enough has been said, perhaps, to draw the attention of readers to this notable book. Nothing like it is known to me in the range of English Gospel study. It is written with a combination of reverence and freedom such as few Christians can attain. So sincere an appreciation, so detached a judgment, are indeed rarely united. Throughout the reader breathes as on a height from which lofty insights are possible. And he is in the company of a fearless guide who can point out where different paths may meet.

Taken all in all, it seems probable that Jesus was *not* the conscious founder of the Christian Church. He was and meant to remain a Jew. Or rather the question of separating from the Synagogue never presented itself to his mind. He wanted to quicken, to purify, to amend, but not to break away and make a fresh beginning. He continued the work of Amos, Hosea, and Isaiah. His Kingdom of God, from one point of view, was a reformed Judaism. And possibly it may come to pass that in his teaching

there may be found a reconciliation or meeting-point between a reformed or Liberal Judaism and a frankly Unitarian Christianity of the distant future. *That* Judaism and *that* Christianity may find that they differ in name, in accent, and in memories rather than essentially or dogmatically. *That* Judaism and *that* Christianity may both claim Jesus as their own.

As I write I receive from America the proceedings of the first Congress of the National Federation of Religious Liberals, held in Philadelphia in April last, where eminent Rabbis took part with the Episcopalian and the Friend, the Baptist and the Lutheran, the Universalist and the Unitarian. The religious watchwords of the new age are sympathy and co-operation. Let us do our share to make these things real. J. E. C.

A SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY INTO SPIRITUALISM.*

LOMBROSO, having passed from a contemptuous scepticism upon spiritualistic questions to an assured faith, gathered in this book both his own personal observations and a mass of detail drawn from other researchers, which seemed to him to furnish a coherent and intelligible set of phenomena and their explanation. As might be expected from the scientist’s former habits of inquiry and study, there is an attempt made to sift and weigh evidence, and to make use of the most refined and delicate appliances for measuring, recording changes in human sensibility, and taking impressions of nervous activity, in the style and according to the range of such recent sciences as Criminology. Whatever we may think of the views maintained, we cannot deny our acknowledgment and gratitude to the obviously sincere and strenuous determination to make the inquiry “scientific.” When we see mediums being tested by means of such instruments as the cardiograph (to record minute differences of pressure by means of tracings), the Desprez register, the Regnier dynamometer, we know that there is an attempt to reduce merely “subjective” leanings of opinion to their smallest disturbing quantity, and so to avoid every possible error of judgment. This part of the work sets a much-needed example and standard for all future researchers into the difficult questions at issue; and it would have been well if Lombroso could have concentrated his whole attention upon this part of the inquiry. As it is, the evidential value of the work is much lowered by the multitude of instances supplied from other writers who usually had a very different notion of inquiry from the patient and exact weighings and testings of Lombroso, many of the examples given being exceedingly trivial, often showing wide margins for the possibility of mistake, often, again, belonging to long past years and having the value of mere hearsay and gossip. And Lombroso himself, even, suffers by the limitations of his “scientific” method at its best. For no amount of “science” and anthropometric observation can make a man a judge of character, and, unfortunately, it is allowed by all (in this

* After Death—What? Spiritistic Phenomena and their Interpretation. By Cesare Lombroso. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. net.

book it is frequently asserted) that the mediums give way to deceitfulness and love to practise imposture. A considerable part of the work is taken up with the achievements of Eusapia Palladino, whose fantastic divergences from normal correctness set a problem to the inquirer, which no amount of "scientific" precision can cope with. Some sound and shrewd, and at the same time genial, acquaintance with various human nature, is a necessary preliminary to these studies; and in this book, at any rate, it is not conspicuous. Even the way in which the writer envisages the general situation as to these inquiries betrays something less than an average man of the world's level view. "It seemed to me a duty that I should unflinchingly stand my ground in the very thick of the fight, where rise the most menacing obstructions, and where throng the most infuriated foes." This quite misconceives the attitude of the world at large to spiritualistic teachings. What people want is true evidence and careful theory. No man lives half a lifetime without being convinced of the existence around him of incalculable and baffling mysteries of soul and body. And even when we smile at "cranks and fads"—meaning pursuits and interests that have not as yet absorbed us, although they may capture us any day—we know all the time that it is a good thing for the world that someone should devote years to the collecting and examining and, if possible, marshalling into some sort of rational coherence, the strange and weird vagaries of spiritual fact. The work much needs to be done, and especially to be rescued from the hands of unprincipled professionals, and the whole tribe of creatures that "peep and mutter," now as of old. The more careful part of this work is a contribution to this needed science. It is, however, the merest beginning, and does not make a complete whole in itself, but has to be helped out by assumptions and credences that are not supported by proof, and by innumerable stories that can be paralleled by feather-headed assertions in any assembly met to marvel. Indeed, on all this very human side of the matter, one constantly is led to wonder how much "science" is needed to compensate for the loss of the ordinary useful standards of judgment. A spirit, speaking through Mrs. Piper, says "Do you remember the little black penknife with which I used to cut my nails and then put into my vest-pocket?" The son knew nothing of this either; but the stepmother, on being asked, remembered it perfectly; "only he used to put it into his trouser's pocket." These errors, we are told, "are really a proof of identity, being, in fact, just what we might expect, since we are concerned, not with complete organisms, but with fragments." There is no measure in the making of apology. "The phantasm has the negative property, so to speak, of dissolving under the influence of strong light. This was noticed in two experiments with Katie King. We see by this how it is that phantasms do not manifest themselves in the daytime." Without any attempt at investigating sources of the information, we have frequent citations like the following:—"The nephew of Seymour wrote automatically when he

was nine days old (Aksakoff *Animisme* p. 351; *Psychische Studien*, 1877, p. 467). These are facts that could hardly receive credence were they not confirmed by similar wonders found among the Camisards. Camisard babes of fourteen or fifteen months, and even while still sucklings, will preach with the purest diction (De Vesme, *Spiritisme*, II.). Vernet heard one of them," &c., &c. To the objection (which certainly must occur to the reader at many pages of this book), that the mediums love to perform in the dark, Lombroso has no better reply than the analogy, that "no one denies the genuineness of the work of the photographer, in spite of the fact that he cannot develop his plates without darkness."

It cannot be said then that Lombroso's book supplies a new chart for these strange, unsailed seas, nor even that it contributes much useful record of his own adventures thereon, but only serves to warn us of many rocks and perils. And that is something. The title, however, is a misnomer, for not a word deals with "After Death—What?" The explanation of this may be that, as the title page tells us, the book was "rendered into English," which may or may not mean "translated."

W. WHITAKER.

SCIENCE, MATTER, AND IMMORTALITY. By Ronald Campbell Macfie. London: Williams & Nozgate. Pp. viii—300. 5s. net.

It is difficult to overestimate the importance to mankind of the investigation into the properties and ultimate structure of matter, especially in view of its great psychical significance in constituting the brain, which forms the natural link between the physical and psychical worlds. The vast strides which have been made within recent years in the study of electricity, æther, matter, and the constitution of atoms, since the stimulating discovery of the Röntgen rays and of radium, render it imperative that the profoundly important results should not be confined to the scientific world but should be published in a popular and readily intelligible form. It seems inevitable that the human mind should find far more difficulty in conceiving the infinitely little than the infinitely great, and even if only on this account Dr. Macfie's book is of considerable value in popularising modern theories of matter and atomic structure by the carefully chosen and graphic comparisons which are set forth in the first half of this work. The imagination can scarcely grasp the extreme minuteness of an atom by the statement that a particle composed of a billion atoms would barely be visible under the highest magnifying power of a microscope, and furthermore that each atom is composed of at least a thousand corpuscles or electrons, rotating in orbits at an incredible speed nearly equal to that of light, and in their turn so minute that "a corpuscle compared to an atom is as a comma to a cathedral."

In the biological aspects of the book, on the other hand, the author is treading on ground which is obviously less familiar to him, and his conclusions and inferences are liable to mislead or confuse the un-

scientific reader. He does not appear to realise either the light which the study of fossils throws upon the history and genetic relationships of animals and plants, or the extremely gradual nature of the processes of organic evolution as well as the vast amount of geological time which they have required. Incidentally, Dr. Macfie finds it difficult to assent to the general belief that the first formation of living matter in the world was of a vegetable nature on the ground that chlorophyll, the green colouring-matter of plants, is too highly complex a substance. Yet this difficulty is considerably discounted by Professor Beyerinck's recent and remarkable discovery, far-reaching in its bearing on the origin of life, that the spectra of the outer planets, Uranus and Neptune, still largely in a gaseous condition, closely resemble the absorption-spectra of chlorophyll and accompanying pigments of different plants.

Few will disagree with the author when he urges the value of bringing imagination to bear upon scientific questions: "We must get out of the dust of dry detail on to the heights of great generalisations and conceptions. We must let science capture the imagination." But he finds that science, by itself, is unsatisfying and insufficient, and that "conceived aright, science must always lead to belief in the unseen and to hope of immortality, but science must learn to recognise her own limitations and that she can only become a ruler of men's souls and a brightener of men's lives if she takes poetry and philosophy by the hand and dwells with them in the temple of beauty and reverence."

STUDIES IN APOSTOLIC CHRISTIANITY, by the Rev. A. W. F. Blunt, M.A. (London: J. M. Dent & Co., 2s. 6d. net), is a little volume which gives a clear and concise account of the growth of the Early Church and its gradual organisation under the three-fold ministry, by way of showing that the Anglican system "has unimpeachable claims to be considered Divinely ordained and an unquestionable right to maintain that a real apostolic succession belongs to it." We may appreciate the historical parts of the book without setting much value on the author's high Anglican theories.

THE GROWTH OF NATIONS, by W. Rose Smith (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 3s. 6d.), surveys mankind from China to Peru, and brings forward a great array of figures to prove a special thesis of the author's own, "By their works ye shall know men," whereby he means public works and especially irrigation upon vast imperial lines. The growth of population, he maintains, has always depended on progress in public works and industries. As one among many instances of this he adduces the Roman Empire, in which, "in addition to a pure administration of justice, the State provided public works on a gigantic scale, creating a national property in the highest degree stimulating to industries, and conducive to the multiplication and welfare of individuals. The teeming population of the Roman Empire was literally created by the Roman State." As this writer dis-

likes Free Trade, the dogma of original sin, Lord Avebury's views on municipalisation, Little Englanders, the Monroe doctrine, the subjection of women, the Labour-Socialist party, and ever so many other doctrines, sects, and parties, it is somewhat difficult to class him. As a remedy for all our evils he recommends not faith, but (public) works, irrigation, railway extension, afforestation, legislation for the increase of white men's wages to a standard capable of supporting the family by men's labour alone; the gradual abolition of female factory and office labour; tariff reform for the raising of local revenues, and the abolition of municipal rates and restraint of household furniture. The objective of all these proposals is to make the whole world a white man's habitation.

LITERARY NOTES.

A REVIEWER, writing in the January *Contemporary Review* of the "Book of Flowers," the joint production of Katherine Tynan and Frances Maitland, suggests that churches of all denominations should institute a summer Sunday Festival, to which "the school-children should be asked to bring wild flowers that are related in legends and in folk-lore" to Christ, and Mary his mother. The number of such flowers is legion, and from them, "the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with 'Everyman' never far from their eyes, learnt their lessons of hope and humility. We have our ways of learning, and they are doubtless good; but we miss the fragrance of Rosemary and Lavender, of Eglantine and Wild Rose."

MR. SARATH KUMAR GHOSH, whose novel, "The Prince of Destiny," has been favourably reviewed in many quarters, has prepared a dramatic version of his Indian romance which is to be produced this winter in the United States.

It took Mr. Shorthouse ten years—working at intervals—to write "John Inglesant," which was first published at the author's expense at one guinea net. It received favourable reviews, and Shorthouse asked Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., to publish it, but they declined to do so. Ultimately the copyright was purchased by Messrs. Macmillan, whose attention had been drawn to the work by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

PIERRE LOTI (M. Julien Viaud) lately presided at the reception by the French Academy in honour of M. Jean Aicard, who has been elected to the late Francis Coppée's vacant chair among the Immortals. In the course of his inaugural discourse, Pierre Loti alluded to the religious question, and to Coppée's return, at the end of his days, to the faith of his youth. The view which the author of "Pêcheurs d'Islande" takes of religion is not that of the rationalist who is satisfied with a scientific explanation of the mysteries of faith. Indeed, he rejects science altogether, for he thinks it merely breaks down in its progress one iron door after another,

"only to discover that the corridors beyond grow ever more dark and terrible."

RETROSPECTIONS of an active life," by John Bigelow, which has been published in New York by Messrs. Baker & Taylor, should find many readers on this side of the Atlantic, if only by reason of the veteran author's friendship with Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, Thackeray, and many other celebrated Englishmen. These three volumes of reminiscences "form, perhaps, the most important historical work of the season," says the *Literary Digest*. "Now in his ninety-second year, Mr. Bigelow has been active in the public life of the country for more than sixty years. He was Lincoln's minister to France."

He gives probably the most complete account of the Mason and Slidell incident which has yet come to light. His revelations of the attitude of England and France toward us in the Civil War will form a new contribution to our history. From his correspondence a great number of letters have been selected, from Seward, Cobden, Motley, Bright, Montalembert, and many other celebrated men. The work will remain a standard for students and general readers of American history and affairs.

AN illustrated souvenir of "The Blue Bird" is announced by Messrs. John Long, Ltd., which promises to be a worthy commemoration of Maurice Maeterlinck's beautiful fairy play. The souvenir is produced in colour, with a cover design by Mr. John Hassall, the colour illustrations of the scenes and characters being by Mr. George P. Denham. The letterpress has been written by Mr. Herbert Trench, author of "Apollo and the Seaman," and director of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, and includes a little sketch of the life and work of Maeterlinck.

MR. EDWARD COOPER, whose fondness for children has given him a degree of understanding which makes his articles about small people delightful reading, wrote in his customary vein on "Children's Books" in the *Saturday Review* last week. During the past year, he says, he has read fifty-three volumes which are classed under this heading; last year he not only read about the same number, "but had the honour of talking to half-a-dozen or so of their authors while the immortal works in question were being written." He has now begun to ask himself, with some dismay, what is "in the mind of the man or woman who writes three or four of them" in the space of twelve months? "The secret of the sale of these books," he declares, "is open to everybody who knows the nursery and schoolroom worlds. It is a matter of the bachelor uncle, the maiden aunt, and the well-meaning, but ignorant, friend. No human being who has ever spent an intimate week with a child, listening to the creature's opinions, and noting its actions, would ever dream of considering more than 1 per cent. of the child-books published every year nowadays for Christmas or birthday presents." Mr. Cooper wishes that some writers whom he mentions, including Mrs. W. K. Clifford and Mr. J. M. Barrie, would give up a year or two to this kind of work."

SERMON.

OLD AND NEW.

BY THE REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.*

It is well, perhaps, that the Old Year passes away and the New begins in winter. Winter, in its sunless aspect, represents better than spring or summer the temper of our souls as we look back and forward on this last night when the Old Year ends and the New begins. It is not a despairing temper, but it is a subdued recollection and aspiration. Here, on the edge of the Old and New we stand, like a windmill on the ridge of a lofty down, turning with the changing wind of the soul in thought, now gazing on the country behind us, now over that which lies before us.

One part of our thought is sad enough, the part of retrospect. How little have we realised of the aims with which we began the year, how much less of the larger aims with which we began our life! We tried, but we did not accomplish half we intended. We yielded up our ideal to pleasure or laziness, to the desires of the world or to our passions. When we think of it we are shamed within.

Another sadness is not our fault. We may have suffered loss. Those may have gone from us whose voice we shall never hear again on earth, whose heart, in soft embrace, we shall never feel beating again on ours. Since then, the world is half a shadow; we seem to move among illusions. We have lost even a great part of ourselves. It is gone with our dead lovers and friends into the far land where they are alive in God.

Or, mayhap, we have lost reputation, or competence, or hope, or our faith, or we have been deceived in love, or lost our self-respect in passion; and we look then on a wintry world as we look back upon the year. The freezing wind of winter blows over the bitter landscape of the soul.

Or we may have passed through that and found even a greater sadness in the scornful, regretful, embittered apathy such heavy loss and pain may have engendered. Our eagerness is gone, our faith in man and God, our power to love and to rejoice. We feel as if we were dying while we live, and we hate ourselves and hate the world when our dulness gives us leave to hate.

Often, as we look back, this desperation seems to rush upon us like a darkness. We think there is nothing more for us than the set, grey life and apathetic end; or cynicism, most stupid of all the fiends that take their lodging in the soul. Indeed, it is not only now, at such an anniversary, that this darkness that may be felt brings on us a deadly fear. There are passing hours in our life when our eagerness seems to end in despair, when every interest, and all we love, are like the frozen snow, the leafless wood of winter.

This is the sadness in our retrospect. But there is another side to our thinking as there is to the thunder clouds. Something *has been done*, and we may look at that to-day, and, in the name of God, take courage. A steadfast and good heart can make the little into the great, and our failures into the steps of success, if the success we work for is for our fellow men

* Preached in Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead, on Dec. 31, 1905, and printed here for the first time.

rather than for ourselves. It is fitting we should think humbly of what we have done; but, taken into God's hands, who works with us when we work in love, our little may be far more than we imagine. The half sometimes means the whole, or secures that the whole shall be hereafter. Then, too, all success in good is slow, and we must learn that truth. And when we learn it, we shall not be too ready to cry out that we have failed. It is decay, degradation, real failure, which are swift. Good work walks quietly from point to point; corruption gallops. If the wrong in you were greater than the good, you would have already rushed into disintegration. Therefore take courage; resist despondency and despair. God, who hastes not, is with your slow advance; so is humanity; for as slowly as you move, even more slowly moves on humanity.

Then, as to loss—it has been bitter; but have we gained no new love, no new friendship? Has no new tenderness, no fresh interest come into our life, not to quench the old love, but to heal the evil in the pain of its earthly loss? If not, it is our own fault. We have allowed sorrow to close the door of the heart; and sorrow, when it repels new affections, is an enemy—not a friend—to the soul. It shuts us up with ourselves, and that is a terrible misfortune. It leads to the death of love. Our sorrow ought to have filled us with sweet memories, to have doubled our sympathy with others, to have made us follow in love the life of those we have lost, whose life had been so fair, because they loved so well. But we have thought of nothing but ourselves—of our loss, our pain; and in turning the sorrow of our heart into selfishness, we have changed the honey of grief into gall. Loss, then, has been made into a greater loss—the loss of that inward gain of greater loving kindness which, had we won it, would have taken from our wintry world its power to freeze the soul. Our gain, through grief, would have been the power, through our knowledge of sorrow, to sympathise with those who suffer; and this is a sympathy which wins for us treasures of affection to warm and console our wounded heart. Moreover, then we are saved from forgetting those whom we have loved and lost on earth. There are those who spend their whole days in grieving, as they say, for their dead; and I have observed that while they say they remember, they have forgotten. Their love is really gone. It is replaced by a love of their own grief and sometimes by a pride in it. Oh, if we wish to keep alive our love for those who have gone, we must practise love and give it to others, subdue our grief to do what is loving. Then our heart never grows cold through want of loving, as it does with those who think of no grief other than their own—so cold that they cease justly to love the dead. They think they grieve for the dead; alas! they have come only to grieve for themselves. Oh, remember, love does not nurse its own griefs, but the griefs of others; and in nursing these retains the loving heart that never can forget the lost. The love of the dead is kept sweet and clear only by the loving of the living.

And as to the loss of animation, eagerness, and life, is it really apathy you feel? Is it not rather wrath, impatience with dulness, strong crying for a new spring in

the soul? Are we so cold, so dead, as we think we are? Do we not feel that we only need a touch of light, a ray of heat, a soft waft of the west wind of love, to break up the frost, to dissolve the snow in the heart?

Yes, what in this condition we have to do is to refuse to believe in our own apathy, to despise our scorn of life, to say within, "I will have life full while I am here; I will open my heart to loving." That is in our power; and it is the natural thing to do. Good is with us in that effort, for it is a strife for love. Man is with us in that effort, for it is a strife for love. We are, then, on the side of the universe, the breath of which is love. When we strive in that noble way, we know that our life will be renewed into eagerness and brightness.

The wintry world teaches us that lesson. Under the snow, under the sodden grass, the seeds of a new green world, of a thousand, thousand flowers, are slowly winning to life. On every barren wood a million, million buds enclose in their velvet sheaths the multitudinous foliage of a vaster world than the wood has yet imagined. They are waiting for the soft clarions of the spring. Under death is hidden life, under frost is slumbrous fire; under the white snow a glory of green rejoicing; under silent apathy, singing of birds and laughter of streams. And if we love one another, life and joy will return to us. Spring and summer will come again. This is the lesson of Nature. It is far more; it is the cry to us of God our Father. It is the result in us of the grace of Jesus Christ. It is the call to us of Humanity, all whose sorrows want our love; and it is the blest experience of countless lives of men and women. Dulness, despondency, despair, the settled apathy of life, *think of them no more*. They are not the apapage of a child of God, a follower of Christ. If they have been in your heart during the past year, *shake them off* and, going forward into a life of love, recover eagerness, aspiration, and the joy of living.

When, then, we consider these things, it is time for us to look backward no more, but forward to all we may make of the future by the love of man and by the grace of God. Beneath us, as we stand on the ridge, lies an unknown land, fresh woods and pastures new, battles, adventures, rests by the wayside, new friends, new loves, strange work and stranger life. Is no curiosity yet awake in us to penetrate the secrets of the coming year? No eagerness to strive and seek, to follow the gleam? No heart for work certain to present itself, for serving our fellow men, for running the race set before us, looking unto Jesus, author and finisher of our faith?

It is the natural thing to look forward; it is in the common order of things that the year should open out new paths for energy. And when we have the good temper of love and admiration, and the passion of living life fully which comes of loving—such life as the wintry woods look forward to in spring—we are alert, as we ought to be, for new and brave experience. The past, with all its sin, trouble and failure, is forgotten when we hear the cry, "The Bridegroom is come; go ye forth to meet him."

There, already, going down the hill before us (with the light of love around him)

Jesus walks into the New Year, and waves his hand to us to follow. And while as yet we linger, our human nature, ever eager for new life, curious of more of love and goodness, curious of more experience, curious of battle—even of sin—curious of new labour, urges us to go forward. Oh, go forward, not curious of sin, not racing after self-desires, but as the child of him, who is justice, pity, love, truth, and righteousness; as his follower and soldier, whose banner is the love of man, whose feet are shod with the good news of peace, whose cry to us is this—"Cast off the works of darkness and put on the armour of light."

It is not only the natural, it is also the most human, thing to go forward eagerly in faith for humanity and in hope. All around us, playing incessantly on our will and emotion, is the vast movement of human life. Its bugles wake us on the morning of the New Year. Are we not also in the movement, part of the marching host, ready for the battle; children of the causes for which all high-hearted men are striving?

Shall we only think of ourselves in this hour, of our sins and pains and failures? That were indeed unworthy. All the men and women in that great host, have, like us, their sins and pains and failures. Think of it, think of it, and in the thought forget yourself. Forget your sins in the name of God, and urge your life into His goodness. Redeem the sinful from their sins. In that effort you will cease to sin. Forget your own pains, and heal the pains of men; forget your own failures by lifting your brothers out of failure. Set the lame upon their feet again. Deliver the captives of guilt; love the sorrowful till they know joy again; and then you will redeem your own sins, transmute your sorrows in spiritual powers, and turn your failures into victory. Best of all, you will then have doubled your power of loving by many deeds of love; and he who loves dwells always in the world of beauty and joy and triumph. This is your call, the pull forward of the days before you. This keeps you in touch with men and women, and sets you free from yourself. No greater blessing than that freedom from yourself, the happy state of living by love in humanity, in nature, and in God, can I wish you for the coming year.

Again, natural and human as it is to look forward bravely and lovingly, it is also divine. It builds its effort on the unshakable foundations of faith in God as the Father of men, on the immutable mastery of righteousness, on the eternity of love in God. We think sometimes that our work is useless, that it will bear no fruit, and then we do not care to go on with life. And this is a great trouble. But that is not true if we are the children of the omnipotent and eternal righteousness. Whatever we shall think and do in the future, in accordance with our Father's love and righteousness, or in striving for them, is certain to bring forth its fruit, because it has become part of the eternal love, of His vast work in the universe of spirit for the joy and perfection of the whole.

Why should we trouble ourselves, then, about our passing failures? They tell us where success does not lie; they open to our thoughts the true passage to

success. Why torment ourselves about the sins and losses of the past? With God in us we can replace our sin by goodness, and repair our loss in new activities. And, most of all, why trouble more than is just about the misery of man? It is true that grief is a ceaseless trouble; but do not let it master you more than is wise and right. The trouble of it which is just is in that deep compassion for it which inevitably passes on into the giving of active help to this misery. But that is often the very thing which those who most dwell on the wretchedness of the human race do not undertake at all. They are too lazy to help. They nurse their wrath and scorn in a comfortable chair by their fireside, groan themselves into sloth, and isolate themselves from mankind, wretched and futile deserters from the army of God and man.

Only when we are doing what we can by thought and action to help the misery of man, can we, with any wisdom, think of it. Then, when we are relieving it and comforting it, and only then, light will break upon its mystery, and its sorrow find some solace. As we help in love, faith in God as the Father who is educating man through the trials which, resisted, ennoble him, will dawn within us, and we shall see the end of the long struggle of the world through the wild ocean of selfishness to the harbour of love. It is the winter-tide now with humanity. But, when our race has stored up enough of those forces of the spirit (which are born from long resistance of the evil in our sorrow), enough of latent life under the fierce pressure of the frost; enough of love in the battle with the selfish desire which binds the soul in ice—the spring-tide of humanity will come. All that lay hidden beneath the wintry weather will break forth into singing and live in the life of God.

Finally, all I have said resolves itself into one question, "Do we mean in the coming year to live for ourselves alone, or for other folk, like Jesus Christ? for self-interest or self-forgetfulness?" On the answer of our soul to that question, it depends whether we can set ourselves free from the burden of sin and failure and sorrow in the past, and go forward with courage, hope, faith, and alertness into the future. To believe in self-interest alone is to believe in damnation. It is to disbelieve in love, and that is the very darkness of hell. Oh, take the other alternative, take to loving, and we shall be the saviours of men, the image of Jesus Christ. When we love one another we shall escape the net of that dreadful falsehood that the world and we are doomed to ruin and to death, and see the very truth of things, the far-off redemption, into love, of all who having come from God, must finally flow to Him again. Even here, as we live by the doctrine of love, as Christ lived by it in his life, we realise how certain is redemption. Because we have, through the power of God's love, ourselves redeemed men from shame and sin; because we have had that blest experience, we believe that God the Father will redeem all men. If we search, believing in the divine in man, for goodness, we find it, as Jesus found it, in the darkest corners of humanity, and, drawing it to the light, redeem the man in whom we find it, and the lost are found

the dead are raised. Moreover, as we search (believing in God in man) for the divine within him, there is really no end to the sweet purity and goodness, to the everyday love and faithfulness, to the high honour and tenderness we find in those that are not lost, but whom we thought commonplace. No end to the ideal we find among the real. We thought the world was only ordinary grass and herbs; we find, not only the beauty of the grass itself, but that a thousand lovely and sweet flowers of high goodness and love are blossoming therein. These are discoveries which steal out of the soul our anger at life, and finally banish it altogether. We settle down into gentleness, loving kindness, peace and joy, faith and hope. We have redeemed of God's grace the lost; and now we believe that God will redeem the whole. Yes, belief in man, and love of him, enables us to find God, and to love Him as our Father. The bitter fierceness we felt against Him when we saw Him through our own selfishness, now vanishes away; and we understand what He means by our life, and, understanding it is love, we accept His will. If we suffer, we know now it is for the good of the whole, and that in that final good of the whole, our individual pain will be redeemed in gladness.

And then a mellowed grace, born of our Father's immortal love and beauty, descends at last upon our soul, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the peace growing out of loving will, which he possessed, and which he left to us, a grace and peace which deepen as one year succeeds another. Every year makes them dearer. We are closer every year to the heart of God; our soul more strong for righteousness, more tender in love, more akin to truth, more alive in the eternal life. And, at last, we have but one thing to say to the world, and to live for in the world, but that one thing is enough. "Little children love one another." So, after the storms of the past years, there is, if we will, a quiet sunset. The evening of life is pure and sweet and clear. Slowly the light of this our earth fades away; the stars come forth, we wait in the silence of night and love. All is peace. At last, at midnight, we are called. Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet him.

MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES.

THE PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE.

THE SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT.

We have already made a start from headquarters with our Social Service work. We have started in a small way, not only for the purpose of putting into harness the workers on the spot, but also to give, as it were, samples to the various branches of the League throughout the country of the sort of work they may commence, and to gain experience for their advantage. We have a small company of workers who are by no means amateurs in Social Service, and in addition to them those who have been attending the lectures given by Mrs. Willey and so preparing themselves in practical wisdom and understanding to match their enthusiasm. We have, following the method which we propose generally to adopt, put

ourselves into communication with organisations which are already doing the work we want to do, and have offered our workers as voluntary assistants.

For example, in connection with the visiting of maternity cases we have got into touch with a maternity hospital, and have received the names and addresses of expectant mothers whom our workers will visit and look after, both prior to the birth of the child and subsequently. Many babies come into the world seriously handicapped on account of pre-natal starvation, and we propose to prevent this in as many cases as we can. Often it arises because the mother does not know what it is best for her to eat and best for her unborn child that she should eat; and often because she has not enough to eat anyhow. In the latter case, suitable and sufficient food will be provided for her; in the former case the visitor will help the mother to get what is best, show her how to cook it, teach her those matters of personal care and house care of which poor women are often so lamentably ignorant; help her, perhaps, to make clothes for the little stranger and generally befriend her. We lay stress upon this idea of the friend. Our workers are not sanitary inspectors or interloping outsiders; they are to be friends, friends who because they know are able therefore to help; and over and above the help they give, they bring friendship with them, which means a great deal at such a time, for it means sympathy, encouragement, brightness, idealism. In some cases money will be needed, but this will not be difficult to obtain; the visitor will either get it from her friends, or there will be a fund for the purpose raised by the League branch. We suggest to all the branches of the League that where they have workers who are capable of this kind of service they should get into touch with cases either through the local medical practitioner or midwife or otherhow. But we insist that they shall be sufficiently trained to do the work efficiently, and we remind them that the County Councils will, as a rule, arrange for a course of lessons on hygiene and kindred subjects to be given by competent persons, free of charge, when a sufficient number of students can be got together. Inquiries should be made about this, and where it is not feasible, it is possible that the local doctor or some other competent person would give such instruction.

Another branch of our work is that of looking after illegitimate children and their mothers. We get our cases in this department from some rescue society or hospital. Rescue societies are as a rule only too glad to hear of efficient voluntary assistance. To befriend such a mother is a valuable service; often they are poor, and after the birth of the child stand face to face with unemployment and an inhospitable world; to find them work and to keep them from despair is our object here. The child is usually handed over to a foster-mother, and a foster-mother is frequently ignorant and neglectful, even when she is not something worse. We see that the child is looked after, we help the foster-mother precisely as we would help the legitimate mother, and arrange for meetings between mother and child. This is a high service, which will appeal to every sympathetic heart. It

is clear that these kinds of service are more fitting for women than men. This is also true of a third branch of our work, namely, the visiting of phthisis cases. Here there is an obvious necessity that the worker should be trained. We get into touch with homes haunted by this shadow, through a phthisis dispensary; and our workers do their work under the direction and supervision of a medical officer or practitioner. Our object is to catch the disease in its initial stages when care may prevent its development; for example, the visitors would see that the children get taken out into the open air as much as possible, going themselves with them, either for walks or for drives. They will advise mothers as to the precautions to be taken with a view of preventing the spread of the disease from one member of the family to another. In cases where it is necessary, they will help to secure admission to phthisis hospitals or sanatoria. When the bonds of friendship have been sufficiently established, they will suggest the imperative need of fresh air and cleanliness in the home and see that it is obtained.

The men are still rather out in the cold! For the present we deal mostly with children for in these cases it is possible to do a maximum amount of good with a minimum risk of doing harm. And children are more in a woman's line! Men members of the League, however, need not be idle. One of the most important things preliminary to all effective social work is to secure a digest, as it were, of all the charitable and philanthropic agencies actually at work in a particular neighbourhood. We advise each of our branches to make enquiries and discover what such agencies are in their district, to secure if possible a copy of their constitution and the latest report, and tabulate these and have them handy for reference. It will then be possible immediately to know whether there is any organisation which deals with any particular case of need or distress which may come before us; to know what it is, and on what conditions it offers help. It may also be found that, here and there, there are organisations which, for various reasons, are not doing the work they intended to do according to the terms of their Trust or Constitution. Through a somewhat similar channel, the Social Service Committee of our different branches might get to know the persons residing in their districts who subscribe to charities, and who possess letters or influence in connection with some benevolent institution. Some of these persons would be only too glad to know of a Committee which would help them to place their money or their letters where they would be most effectively used.

We have seriously considered the many remedies suggested for helping the unemployed; we do not see our way to recommend any of them with the exception possibly of the cultivation of waste land in the form of plots and allotments. A Society exists for the development of this idea, and all information may be obtained from it. We have no space to speak further of it now.

On these lines, then, we have begun to work, and when this work extends and is taken up by branches of the League in all parts of the country, we feel that our movement will require but little other justification.

In the meantime all the information we have is at the disposal of those who care to ask for it with a view to making a start. Enquiries should be addressed to Mrs. Willey, Social Service Department, King's Weigh House, Duke-street, London, W.

E. W. LEWIS.

MEMORIAL NOTICE.

MR. JOHN SIBREE, M.A., J.P.

A LINK WITH GEORGE ELIOT.

In the death of Mr. John Sibree, who, after an illness of three months, passed away on Dec. 21st at his residence in Rugby-road, Leamington, not only has there passed away one whose own life, mental attainments, and literary work are interesting, but one who is also interesting, because he represented the last of that literary *coterie* of Coventry associated with the name of George Eliot. In Mr. J. W. Cross's life of that eminent novelist many of her letters to Mr. Sibree and his sister (the late Mrs. John Cash) are quoted. Living quietly in Leamington for the last twelve years, it was to only a few that Mr. Sibree was known as an "intellectual." No other word better describes the mind whose translation in 1857 of Hegel's "Philosophy of History"—undertaken partly at the suggestion of George Henry Lewes—attracted so much attention at Oxford that it was noticed as a factor in the change of theological opinion there in the First Report of the Lords Committee on University Tests in 1871. He was born in 1823 at Coventry, where his father (Rev. J. Sibree) was minister of the Congregational Chapel in Vicar-lane. He was educated at Mill Hill Grammar School, where he imbibed a taste for classical study, which he always retained; he was thoroughly imbued with the classical spirit and knew Horace by heart. In 1842, Mr. Sibree went to Halle as a theological student. From there he went to Berlin, where he heard Bopp lecture on Comparative Philology, Neander on Church History, and many other illustrious men, including Schelling, Grimm and Ritter. On returning to England, Mr. Sibree went to Spring Hill College, Birmingham (since transferred as Mansfield College to Oxford), where he formed a friendship with the late Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, then a student. Leaving Spring Hill on account of views divergent from those held by orthodox Congregationalists, Mr. Sibree continued his studies at his father's house at Foleshill, and it was then that he saw a great deal of George Eliot. He also contributed many articles to various magazines. After being engaged some time as a tutor to the sons of Mr. S. S. Marling, of Stanley Park, Stroud, Mr. Sibree had a successful non-sectarian school, first at Stroud and then at Bussage (1866). During his residence there he took an active interest in politics, and was made a J.P. for Gloucestershire.

It was of great interest to hear him speak of George Eliot, who, he said, was a brilliant conversationalist. With her he read German, and took much interest in her translation of Strauss's "Leben Jesu" and Feuerbach's "Wesen des Christenthums." The friendship would probably have been continued for life, but Mr. Sibree always regretted Miss Evans' associations with George H. Lewes. The late Mrs. John Cash, the gifted sister of Mr. Sibree, has, in Mr. J. W. Cross's Life, given many valuable glimpses of Miss Evans at a most important time in her life. When Miss Evans was renouncing Evangelicalism, she said to Mr. Sibree's mother—who greatly loved the gifted girl—"Now, Mrs. Sibree, you won't care to have anything more to do with me." The latter rejoined, "On the contrary, I shall feel more interested in you than ever." The Brays were mutual friends of the Evans and Sibree families, and at the house of Mr. Charles Bray Mr. Sibree met and conversed with many eminent men, among whom was Emerson, and probably Thackeray, who wrote "The Newcomes" when on a visit to Mr. Charles Bray at Rosehill. It was as a member of a circle in which "philosophical speculations, philanthropy, and pleasant social hospitality, and the ease and *laissez aller* of Continental manners were joined to a

thoroughly English geniality and trustworthiness" that Mr. Sibree moved when a young man, and possessing a mind peculiarly adapted to the intellectual atmosphere of that circle, he retained and breathed to the last something of the *Geist* which characterised that famous Warwickshire *coterie*.

Mr. Sibree married Anna, daughter of Mr. Joseph Cash, of Coventry, who with three sons and three daughters is left to mourn their loss. Mr. Ernest Sibree, M.A. (Oxford), the second son, is Lecturer in Egyptian and Assyrian, and Librarian at Bristol University; and the Rev. F. J. Sibree, M.A. (Oxford), is vicar of Porchester, Hants. The funeral took place on Dec. 24 (Friday), at Milverton cemetery, the service being conducted by the Rev. George Heavyside.

Prior to his death Mr. Sibree had resided in Leamington for twelve years and during that time was regular in his attendance at the High-street Chapel, Warwick.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Special Notice to Correspondents.—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the office on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

Blackpool: The late Rev. Robert McGee.—We regret to have to record the death of the Rev. Robert McGee, late minister at North Shore Chapel, Blackpool, which took place at his residence, Southport, on the 20th inst. Mr. McGee came to us from the Congregational Church ministry in 1902, and laboured with considerable acceptance at Colne till 1904, and afterwards at Blackpool, terminating his ministry there in September last. Mr. McGee was a native of Hull, having been born there in 1855. When but six years of age his father died, so that quite early in life he was brought face to face with the stern experiences included in the term "the struggle for existence." As soon as he could be sent to work he was apprenticed to sail-making, and wrought at his trade till his 29th year, being the main support of his mother and the home. From his teens he became an earnest Sunday-school and temperance worker, and eventually an acceptable lay preacher among the Congregationalists. As time proceeded the conviction grew upon him that he should give up his life to the work of the ministry, and as a Congregational minister he rendered faithful service at Cotherstone, Hawes, and Lower Darwen. In consequence of a development of theological conviction ever nearer to the Unitarian position, he was ultimately driven by a strong sense of duty to resign his pulpit at Lower Darwen. For the last five years he laboured strenuously at Blackpool North Shore, battling bravely with the trying conditions in that difficult sphere, being most anxious to lead the church on to a more assured position. During the last year the strain of the arduous task began to tell on his health, so that he decided to resign the charge, and seek the rest and inspiration of a change of pulpit. But by the time his ministry terminated there in September he was already badly broken down. At the end of October he moved to Southport, hoping to benefit by the milder climate. After a painful, but patiently borne, illness, he passed peacefully away on Monday, Dec. 20. The funeral took place at the Southport Cemetery, the Revs. H. Davie (Congregationalist, Lower Darwen), George Knight, M. R. Scott, and J. M. Mills, taking part in the services at the house and the cemetery.

Cheltenham: Resignation.—After a ministry of twelve years at this church, the resignation of the Rev. J. Fisher Jones was read at a special meeting of the congregation held on Nov. 9 last, when a resolution was passed deeply deploring his resignation and expressing their hope that he would reconsider his decision, assuring him of their continued confidence and hoping for a favourable reply. At a recent committee meeting his reply was read, in which

he adhered to his decision and wished his resignation to take effect on Jan. 10 next.

Clifton: Oakfield-road Church.—The special music rendered by the choir at the Christmas services included the anthems "Sing, O Heavens" (Tours), "Say Where is He Born?" (Mendelssohn), and Smart's Te Deum in F. The preacher at all the services was the Rev. E. W. Lummis, M.A. His Sunday evening sermon was devoted to the Tennysonian theme, "The Christ that is to be."

Hampstead: The late Miss Jolly.—The death, at 2, Upper-terrace, Hampstead, of Miss Fanny Chitty Jolly, in the 75th year of her age, has removed from a small circle of friends one who was endeared to them by her refined and sympathetic nature combined with much strength of character. After leaving Miss Baker's school at Ilminster, Miss Jolly spent the greater part of her life with her parents, Alderman Thomas Jolly and Mrs. Jolly, formerly Chitty, members of the Trim-street congregation at Bath, with the prosperity of which ancient city Mr. Jolly much identified himself, having been its Mayor on more than one occasion. Miss Jolly had considerable talent as an artist, and devoted herself to water-colour sketching with the ardour of an intense lover of nature as long as health and failing eyesight permitted. After the death of her mother and surviving parent, she removed, in 1894, to Hampstead, in order to enjoy the companionship of several intimate friends, particularly that of the late Mrs. E. B. Squire and of the late Mrs. Sadler. After many years of ill-health, and a protracted illness, borne with much courage and patience, Miss Jolly passed peacefully away on the 23rd inst. On Tuesday, the 28th, a memorial service was conducted by the Rev. Henry Gow, prior to cremation at Golder's Green, in Rosslyn-hill Chapel, of which congregation Miss Jolly was a member.

Ipswich.—On December 26 Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Scopes celebrated their golden wedding, and received the congratulations of numerous friends. Mr. Scopes, who is one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of Ipswich, has always been a Unitarian, his family tracing their connection with the Friars-street Chapel for over 150 years. For over 40 years he has been chapel warden.

Liverpool: Hope-street Church.—The calendar for January contains the following announcement:—"A second course of Sunday evening addresses by the Rev. H. D. Roberts will begin in February. We live mentally in a most interesting time. It has been suggested sometimes that Unitarians are being left behind in modern thought, and are tied and bound to a rigid dogma of God. It was remarked not long ago to the Minister of Hope-street Church: 'Is not to call yourself a Unitarian to imply that you are bound to occupy a certain philosophic position with regard to the Deity—a position as dogmatic and unyielding as the Trinitarian position itself?' This question opens out some very interesting considerations, which it is hoped may be treated in the forthcoming addresses, under the general title: 'Some Present Day Problems in Religion, Philosophy, and Sociology.' At the same time, and while fully admitting the validity and utility of efforts after intellectual clarity, the Minister wishes to re-emphasise the primary objects of meeting together in this Church. Little good has been gained if its worshippers do not depart without some feeling of uplift, some deepened consciousness that 'our fragile houses of mortality' are indeed built on an eternal foundation, some impulse towards the things which in these passing and hurrying years are really *worth while*. 'The things of the spirit are real. . . in the last resort there is no other reality.' It is to assert this that we meet together; to listen for that voice which speaks in the apartness and silence and tells us so; to carry away some stimulus towards beauty, gentleness, uprightness, and unselfishness of life, which may radiate into human activities."

A special evening's entertainment was given on the 21st inst., when Mr. Hughes gave to a representative gathering a two hours' recital of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." The Rev. H. D. Roberts presided, and the proceeds were devoted to the Christmas Dinner Fund annually collected and distributed by the Misses Rawlins.

Liverpool: Mill-street Domestic Mission.—On Sunday and Monday, Dec. 19 and 20, members and friends of the Mill-street Mission

came together to do honour to the resident-missioner, the Rev. Jos. Anderton, on the 30th anniversary of his settlement in their midst. In spite of the terrible snowstorm which swept over Liverpool on Sunday, the 19th, a splendid congregation assembled in the beautiful mission-chapel to hear the message of confident hope and unfailing cheer from the lips of him who had grown old in their service. Vividly did Mr. Anderton recount the changes and improvements that had taken place in the neighbourhood since his coming, better houses, improved sanitary arrangements, widening of streets, clearing away of cellar dwellings, and the demolition of courts and dangerous alleys. On Monday evening a gathering of enthusiastic workers and well-wishing friends assembled to continue the celebrations. After tea, Mrs. and Miss Anderton were presented with charming bouquets. In the absence of the president of the Mission, Mr. Hugh R. Rathbone, the Rev. T. Lloyd Jones took the chair. Letters of apology for absence were read from the president, Mr. Walter Holland (treasurer), Mr. Harold Coventry (secretary), and many others. A batch of letters was also received from former members and scholars from Vancouver, Australia, and America, and from various parts of this country, all full of good wishes and appreciation. In his address the chairman briefly dwelt upon the work which Mr. Anderton and he had accomplished together in their long and harmonious mission life. The years had come and gone finding many things changed, but their resolve remained unaltered as to the religious character of their work there in Mill-street, and in all this they were not forgetful of the important part taken by Mrs. Anderton. On behalf of the members and friends of the Mission, Mrs. Ellens presented to Mr. Anderton a clock and purse, and brooches to Mrs. and Miss Anderton. Mr. Anderton feelingly responded. Short interesting addresses were also delivered by Misses McConnell, A. Coventry, H. Johnson, Revs. J. Collins Odgers, Neander Anderton, Messrs. Wardle, McAuslan (two of the oldest Mission scholars), C. Sydney Jones, Allen, and Fred Robinson. A programme of music ended a very successful and memorable gathering.

Mottram.—The Sale of Work held Dec. 10 and 11 realised over £110, with nearly £70 subscriptions towards clearing off debt of £180 on the new parsonage. Mrs. H. E. Dowson opened on the first day, with Mrs. Wallwork, of Woodley, presiding, and on the second day the Sale was opened by Mr. T. H. Gordon, town clerk of Dukinfield.

Nottingham.—At the High Pavement Chapel on Sunday evening, Dec. 19, the Rev. J. M. L. Thomas concluded the series of lectures which he has been giving on Christianity and the Social Movement with an address on "The Vision of Socialism." It was important, he said, to have as clear an understanding as possible of what Socialists were arriving at. Whether we liked it or not, Socialism was an ideal which was inspiring an increasing number of earnest men and women. To some people it was a terrifying monster, picturesquely called "the Red Terror." Yet this horrible dragon, with devouring crimson jaws and eyes of destructive flame, was a domesticated pet in some episcopal, if not archiepiscopal, palaces and in Anglican vicarages. He did not commit himself to an endorsement of the Labour party's entire policy, but it seemed to him that in brains, in dignity, in a sober sense of public responsibility, that party would bear favourably any comparison they might wish to make between it and other groups in our national politics. More than this, he believed that on great moral and humanitarian issues it had revealed a high idealism, a nobility of purpose, and an unselfishness of motive which were the most precious assets of our Parliamentary life. Some Socialists were hard, narrow, and sectarian, but others were moderate and inclusive. In this country the prevailing Socialism was not at all dogmatic and exclusive, but wide-hearted, tolerant, comprehensive, anxious, while preserving its own independence, to work with all progressive and Labour forces.

Stockton-on-Tees.—At the recent sale of work held in connection with the church the sum of £107 was cleared. The thanks of the congregation are sincerely given to the friends outside their church who gave their kind and generous assistance.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

WE have received the latest pamphlet of the American Association for International Conciliation, which takes the form of an article entitled "Cecil Rhodes and His Scholars as Factors in International Conciliation," by F. J. Wylie, Oxford Secretary to the Rhodes Trustees. Mr. Wylie gives an interesting account of the ideals which were at the root of Rhodes's imperialism, and shows, by quotations from his will and from a paper which he wrote in his twenty-fourth year that the abolition of war was as much in his mind, from first to last, as the extension of British rule. He aimed, indeed, at "the foundation of so great a power as hereafter to render wars impossible, and promote the best interests of humanity." Internationalism, however, did not mean the denial of the national spirit. "He would have insisted that the approach must be the other way, through the nation to the brotherhood of man—*ita pro patria ut pro orbis concordia*." It was recognised by him ultimately that "by promoting the co-operation of peoples the similarity of whose history, traditions and ideals might justify the experiment," he might bring the peace of the world nearer, and he accordingly assigned at the end of his will, in a codicil, fifteen scholarships to Germany. Rhodes believed, as Mr. Wylie says, "that it is in the long run ignorance alone that divides; that knowledge undermines race prejudice, and weakens, if it cannot wholly dissipate, the hatred of nations."

A NATIONAL Anthem for United South Africa has been composed by Mr. Bertolde Kapelovitch, who was taken to Capetown in his infancy, and educated until his fourteenth year at the South African College School. He was then sent to Germany to study music, which is his hobby. Mr. Kapelovitch is now, says the *Manchester Guardian*, consulting engineer to the General Mining and Finance Company of Johannesburg. A committee of musicians and influential Johannesburg men some time ago invited contributions first of verse and later of music, the two best to be chosen to represent the National Hymn of Africa. The two best, between which lay the final choice, were suspected to be by the same person, and this proved to be the case.

In the same paper a Paris correspondent writes as follows:—"Christian Socialism is likely to get a hold in France now that the Archbishop of Paris has put himself forward as its champion. 'I am a Socialist because I am a Christian,' he said at a meeting a few days ago. He has taken up the cause of the working bakers. French bread is eaten new and often hot. It gets hard if kept even a day or two. Therefore all French baking goes on at night, and this means that a very large class of working men are up and active during the night only, when other people are resting, and that they enjoy little daylight, little fresh air, and rarely share in the family life even of their own homes. The Archbishop is very active in this matter, insists at least that the master bakers must arrange for Sunday to be a free day, so that the men may not be obliged to spend it in bed in order to get up for the night's baking, and has won for himself the name of the working-baker's friend (*l'ami du mitron*).

CHRISTMAS in Canada has been mainly a matter of domestic celebration, and there are proofs everywhere that the prosperity in the Dominion has favoured all classes, says a Montreal correspondent in the *Daily News*. Last year there were many thousands of out-of-works to be cared for by charity, but this season has been well within the limits of ordinary philanthropic activity, without special funds.

THE annual service in commemoration of the Sacrifice of Ismael was celebrated recently in London by a number of Mahomedans under the auspices of the Islamic Society. Those who were present were in Oriental costume. They removed their boots, but did not take off their turbans; and they sat on a floor draped with white cloth during the service.

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